

# Regrouping in Hell

by Danny vs A Month

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Summary: "Spartans never die, they just regroup in Hell." Perhaps that's a little mor literal than most people thought. Sequel to Two's Improved Reach. SixXKat, this time for real.

## 1. Chapter 1

I do not own Halo Reach or any of the characters.

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><p>Finding An Old Friend<p>

Six sat in his temporary quarters in the cryo chamber staring at John-117's stasis tube. His entire team, minus Jorge, had died trying to get an AI named Cortana to Master Chief and now, all he had to do was watch the entitled fucker sleep. He supposed it wasn't John's fault that Noble Team was wiped out. After all, every one of the deaths had been necessary. If He hadn't saved Kat in New Alexandria, he would have stayed behind when the Pillar of Autumn left.

Six sighed resting his head in his hands, helmet sitting beside him, as it so rarely did. just as he did, an alarm sounded and soldiers began running past the door. Six grabbed his helmet and pulled it on as two soldiers began to thaw Master Chief. The Spartan woke up looking around then opened his pod and the soldiers quickly checked Master Chiefs major systems like movement and shields. Then, they told him to go to the bridge with Six and see Keyes. Both Spartans ran through the ship to the bridge and found the captain waiting.

"Good morning Chief," Keyes greeted. "B312."

Six really wished he would just call him "Six" like everyone else,

including Cortana, did. He still identified as a part of Noble Team and intended to restart Noble Team, if ever given a chance.

"We're being attacked," Keyes stated simply. "You need to take Cortana and evacuate onto that installation."

Keyes pointed and both Spartans saw a massive structure in the shape of a ring with planet-like ground on the inside.

Keyes pulled an AI chip out of the holographic projector and handed it to Master Chief and the Spartan stuck it in the back of his helmet.

"Shall we...Boss?" Six questioned.

John nodded and the two Spartans left the bridge running through the ship. They reached a room where marines were battling Covenant and Six hurled his knife, embedding it in an Elite's chest. Both Spartans grabbed assault rifles from fallen marines and continued through the ship. They fought through the ship but after a few minutes, they reached a room with sixteen Elites and fifty grunts. Before John could react, Six shoved him back through the door, closing it and throwing his assault rifle away before the Covenant lit him up with plasma fire. They walked over to execute him but he punched the Elite closest and pulled out a grenade.

"Don't!" John shouted.

"I don't follow your orders," Six snarled. "Here I come Kat."

With that, he pulled the pin and the grenade exploded a couple seconds later.

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><p>Six opened his eyes and saw the inside of a perfectly square room with one door. The walls and floor were all made of black obsidian and the room was lit by torches. The flames were blood red and the temperature in the room was easily a hundred degrees, far too hot for the torches. For once, Six was grateful to not have his helmet on. Not that he didn't have it. He was wearing his armor which was auto cooled but his helmet wasn't but was sitting beside him. He picked it up looking at his reflection in the visor.<p>

Both of his eyes were silver white from a screw up during his augmentation. There were no negative effects that the scientists could tell but the color had almost fully drained from his once brown eyes. His scars from the surgeries had long since healed and faded from view with the exceptions of those on his head where they had screwed with his brain. He kept his sandy blonde, almost brown, hair fairly long for a boy, especially in the military, with bangs almost to his eyebrows, the sides down to about halfway down his ears, and the back a fifth of the way down his neck. He had a clean shaven average face devoid of the scars that Spartans were stereotypically thought to accumulate during their service time. Most of his scars were on his back from surprise shots with a few going all the way through from snipers or lucky shots from the front.

He pulled his helmet on groaning at the extra ten degrees but stood and walked to the door checking it. Locked. He put his foot to the

door to "knock" and the door sailed down the hall beyond, turning into a cloud of smoke just before hitting the wall. Six stepped out of the door and looked to the right to see Carter, Emile, and a couple marines being led down a hallway by creatures that looked like a cross between a gargoyle and a mule. They had skin made of stone and wings, muscles, pointed teeth and claws, and two arms. Their legs however, bent backward and ended in hooves. Six turned his attention to the prisoners. Carter and Emile were both wearing orange prisoner uniforms while the marines wore their uniforms.

Six sprinted forward, reaching the group just as another Spartan in full armor similar to his own appeared and quickly eliminated the two with a pistol then turned toward Six.

"Who are you?" the Spartan questioned.

"Noble Six," Six stated.

"I'm Noble Six," the Spartan stated. "You must be my replacement. What's your ID?"

"SPARTAN-B312," Six stated. "It's an honor to meet you, Sir."

"How are you still in your armor?" the Spartan questioned.

"I don't know," Six stated. "Maybe I got lucky."

"How did you die?" the Spartan questioned.

"I blew myself up with a grenade killing a room full of Elites," Six stated.

"You committed suicide?" Carter questioned.

"I was already dying," Six shrugged. "Besides, I had...compelling reasons to come down here."

"We're fighting our way out of Hell," the Spartan stated. "But we don't accept quitters."

"I'm sorry but if we're fighting things like that, you need my help," Six stated. "What happens if you die here?"

"You cease to exist," the Spartan sighed. "Fine. I'm Thom-293."

"Pleasure to meet you," Six nodded. "Now, can we go fight now?"

Thom nodded and led them all through the hallways until they came out into a massive field. The dirt was charcoal and there were fires everywhere. There was a massive obsidian wall a mile away and there were Spartans and marines lining the top firing at whatever they were fighting along with several hundred climbing the wall and swarming toward it.

Six and Thom ran to the wall and climbed it to see an army of the gargoyle creatures trying to reach the wall while firing massive balls of fire at the wall out of their hands. The fireballs exploded on impact like rockets but didn't do any noticeable damage to the wall, simply scorched it.

"Where's Kat?" Thom questioned a Spartan nearby who had the number 1337 on his chest.

"Over there Sir!" The Spartan replied.

Both Noble Sixes looked the way he had pointed and saw Kat shooting gargoyles with a DMR. No sooner did they see her, did a pair of gargoyles fly overhead and grab her, flying away from the wall and the two armies.

"KAT!" Thom shouted stepping forward but Six grabbed his arm.

"I'll go after her," Six offered. "I have experience fighting alone and am probably the only person capable of bringing her back alive."

"Alright," Thom nodded. "Bring my fiancée back alive or I'll kill you."

Six stiffened but nodded. Then, he turned and leapt off the wall.

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><p>Read and review.<p>

## 2. Chapter 2

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><p>Leaving<p>

Six ducked under a log and froze as thirteen gargoyles rushed over head. Then he stood and dropped them with his DMR before continuing after Kat. Three days he had been running across the charred wasteland that was Hell. He was closing in on the gargoyles that had taken her, though, and would catch them within another three hours.

Just as he thought this, one of the two gargoyles appeared leaping at him with a stone sword shaped similar to an Energy Sword. Six ducked under the first swing and blasted the gargoyle under the chin removing its head.

>He picked up the sword, wishing it were magnetic. He put the DMR on his back and began to run again and soon came to a massive gorge where he could see the other gargoyle flying with Kat. Six drove his new sword into the ground and pulled out his DMR, placing a bullet between the gargoyle's shoulder blades. The gargoyle instantly released Kat, who landed in a roll before the gargoyle screamed, a deafening sound on par with an explosion. Then, it exploded, chunks flying in every direction, miraculously not hurting Kat.<p>

Six grabbed his sword and slid down into the gorge then sprinted to Kat, handing her the gun. She instantly threw her arms around him, beginning to cry out of relief.

"It's alright," Six smiled hugging her back. "It's okay, I'm

here."

After a time, Kat pulled back and smiled just as dozens of creatures dropped around them. They all had human, covenant, or gargoyle legs but about at the knees, their bodies were covered with something that looked a lot like fungus. It had either covered or formed massive arms about the size of watermelons with three massive claws for fingers plus one for a thumb. Their other arm, which ever it was, was just barely above average for a male human and a tentacle. Their torsos and head were completely covered but the growth which had circle in the not with dozens of growths coming out of it that looked a lot like red-feathered arrows. Some of the ones with human legs had human faces somewhere on their bodies but never where it should be. All of the creatures held either a Brute's gun, a Plasma Rifle, an assault rifle, shotgun, pistol, or nothing.

"What are these things?" Six questioned.

"No clue," Kat stated. "They don't look happy to see us though."

"Nope," Six agreed readying his sword. "Shall we?"

The creatures all charged and Six began to tear into them with his sword. After a few minutes of more and more pouring over the sides and joining the fight, Six's sword broke and he grabbed an assault rifle while Kat traded her DMR for a shotgun. They began to retreat, killing anything that attacked them. After a few more seconds, a voice shouted for them to duck and they both complied. Bullets began to tear through the creatures, shredding them until none were left alive.

"What were those things?" Jorge questioned walking over with his chain gun.

"Trouble," Six stated. "Come on. We should get back."

The other two both nodded and they began to make their way back as fast as they could, Kat setting the speed, being in a rush to see her fiancÃ© again. After two days, they finally reached the wall to see that the gargoyles hadn't progressed any but there were considerably less combatants on the wall. The rest of Noble Team was present, minus Jun, but Six knew his part in that team was over. All he had ever been was Thom's replacement. Thom was the bar they had measured him by. And he could see why. fifteen gargoyles had landed on the wall, quickly grabbing Thom and carrying him to the majority of the gargoyle army where they deposited him in a small circle that had formed for him. Of those fifteen, only two actually made it back, thanks to Thom. once he was standing, he picked up two rocks just barely bigger than a fist that he could easily grip and hit with. Six glanced at Kat and saw that she was watching Thom and smiling. Not grinning, not smirking, smiling.

He looked back just as the gargoyles swarmed Thom and felt his jaw hit the ground. Thom had begun to move, spinning and swinging, clubbing anything he could reach with the stones and dropping gargoyles right and left. he killed each with one hit, easily avoiding their attacks and neglecting to take the stone swords piling up below him. After a couple more seconds, a gargoyle launched a fire ball at him and he jumped into the air. Twenty feet. In armor. Even

SPARTAN-Is couldn't get that high with or without their armor. When Thom landed, the gargoyles that had survived the explosion from the fireball hitting another gargoyle had moved underneath him. Bad idea.

Thom crashed down, sending gargoyles flying then began spinning and smashing them away and spinning back into the fray. After a few more minutes he cleared the army, sprinting back toward the wall and Jorge squeezed his trigger mowing gargoyles down as they began to shoot at Thom to kill him before he got back to the others.

"How the fuck..." Six began staring at the massive field of corpses all killed by Thom alone. "What the Hell is Thom?"

"He's the greatest Spartan to ever live," Jorge stated as the rest of the soldiers and Spartans on the wall began to shoot gargoyles.

"How the fuck did he die?" Six questioned.

"Kat was supposed to deliver a nuke to a Covenant battlecruiser," Jorge explained. "Not totally unlike the mission I died on. Anyway, Kat was carrying the bomb but was wounded by a banshee so Thom took the nuke to the cruiser and couldn't escape before it exploded."

"I see," Six nodded picking up an assault rifle from a fallen marine. "What's the plan for escaping Hell?"

"Kill all of the gargoyles," Thom stated hopping over the top of the wall to land beside Six.

Six did a double-take between Thom and the wall before looking over the edge to see the perfectly vertical and smooth wall that couldn't be climbed even by Spider Man. He then looked back at Thom suspiciously but the look turned into a full glare when he saw Thom kissing Kat. He had short black hair, pronounced features, black irises, and surgical scars starting just above the top of his armor's neck. Six wasn't sure if he was more angry about the complete and total asshole-level overconfidence and cockiness he could already tell Thom had about his abilities, which was well earned, or if he was more angry about Thom being so very much better than himself. Six turned back toward the gargoyles, suddenly realizing no one was shooting. As he got turned around, he saw that the gargoyles were all staring at the sky. So was everyone else. Six looked up and used the zoom on his visor to look at the spectacle.

A hole had opened in Hell's sky, if you could call it that. It was a layer of blood red smoke concealing, if stereotyping was accurate, a ceiling of stone. The hole in the smoke gave no view of what was beyond, however, as it was filled with a massive swarm of gargoyles flying through. This wasn't reinforcements for the army before them, however. These were covered in the same growth that the creatures Six, Kat, and Jorge had fought had. And they weren't alone. They were followed by hundreds of Banshees, Phantoms, and even thirteen battlecruisers.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Six growled. "Thom, Kat, hate to interrupt but I think we might need a new escape plan."

Thom looked up, breaking his kiss with Kat and growled in frustration.

"I see," Thom nodded. "We'll need to think...the portal. Pipe dream or not, it's the best shot."

"What portal?" Six questioned.

"The portal that leads back to Earth," Thom scoffed as if Six should have already known about it.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Six demanded impatiently.

"What the fuck is your problem?" Thom demanded in annoyance.

"My problem?" Six scoffed. "I saved your fucking fiancée's life and instead of thanking me, you act like I'm the dumbest asshole you've ever met!"

"Well I'm sorry that you're the only one here that doesn't know about the portal!" Thom sneered poorly feigning being apologetic.

"WHAT FUCKING PORTAL!?" Six finally shouted, hands balling into fists with his utter desire to deck his predecessor.

"Calm down B312," Carter ordered. "We still need you."

"For what!?" Six snapped. "To run errands for Mister Big Shot? He who's so great he sends other men to save his would-be wife while he sits on top of the wall sniping statues? Statues that he could have wiped out by now if he would get off his ass and go FIGHT!"

Carter was taken aback and looked to Thom paling as he saw the rage on Thom's face. Six was right that Thom could have ended it, and partially right about Thom sending Six since Thom could have easily retrieved Kat himself, even if Six did volunteer.

"You know what?" Thom growled, voice dripping malice. "I don't think I like your attitude."

"Oh jee," Six said placing a hand on the side of his helmet as if in shock and poorly faking a matching tone. "You don't THINK you like my attitude? Jee, I thought it was easy to know what you do and don't like. I guess you're just not as smart as me, huh Big Shot?"

"Open your mouth again and I'll shove a hand grenade down your throat," Thom growled, his own hands now curled into fists.

"You want to hit me Tough Guy?" Six growled. "Go ahead. Make my eternity. Because with you leading, that's how long we're all going to be fucking stuck here!"

Thom snapped. Before Six could react he had landed three hooks to his jaw and an uppercut to his stomach, nearly destroying his helmet. Thom raised his hand to drive his elbow into Six's back but Six spun moving around behind Thom and dodging the attack then smashed his armored elbow to Thom's exposed head. Thom flew a few feet, landing on his feet and spitting out blood before pulling his helmet on.

"Alright you mother fucker," Thom growled. "Let's see what you've

got."

Thom sprinted forward and threw a punch at Six but Six managed to block it, barely, and drove his knee into Thom's stomach. Thom took the blow with no obvious sign of effect, smashing his own knee into Six's stomach and sending him flying. Six crashed into Cater and Emile who tried to hold him still but he shrugged them both off and growled in rage.

"Stop it both of you!" Carter ordered.

"Shut the fuck up!" Thom snapped. "Someone has to put this fucker in his place."

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Six growled charging.

Thom met him with a Lariat but Six caught his arm, restraining his pained grunt and swung around Thom, landing behind him then driving his foot into the back of Thom's knees, dropping him before he spun, slamming his elbow into the side of his head.

Thom flew off the wall but grabbed the edge then flipped his feet under him and slammed them both into Six's chest. Six slammed into a battlement behind him, smashing it despite all the damage the wall had taken without a scratch. Before Six could even stand, Thom had him by the opening at the neck of his armor and was smashing his fist into his helmet and face as hard as he could. After two hits, Six's helmet exploded. Thom didn't give even half a shit. He continued to smash his fist into Six's face until finally, Kat caught his arm.

"STOP! ! !" Kat shouted making Thom freeze mid swing.  
"Please...stop!"

Six's face was already swelling and he had two black eyes, a broken nose, two fat lips, and likely several cracks in his skull. He was lucky though. He should have died.

"Let go Kat," Thom growled.

"He's had enough!" Kat stated pushing Thom back.

Thom stepped back glaring at Six as he rolled onto his left side so he could push himself up with his right, which was the arm that didn't break with the battlement.

"That...all you've...got?" Six growled pushing himself up, blood pouring out of his mouth. "I expected...more."

"You wanna go?" Thom shouted trying to step forward but Kat placed herself in the way, stopping him.

"Enough!" Jorge cut in, stepping between the two battling Spartans. "This isn't helping us survive or escape. What's gotten in to you two? Neither of you have ever been that mad at anyone!"

"Shows what you know," Thom snorted. "Before I died, I saw Six's record before the black ink was applied. He beat his commanding officer to death with his bare hands."



"You should have also read that he raped and murdered all three of my sisters and my mother," Six growled spitting blood out. "As for Thom, he does it all the time. Just to his enemies."

"It doesn't matter!" Carter snapped. "Whatever happened, we'll have to work together to--"

"No!" Six interrupted. "You can go fuck yourself if you think I'm working with that asshole. I'm going to break into a gargoyle base I saw while chasing after Kat. Then I'm going to have one of the gargoyles lead me to the portal. Anyone that wants to follow me can. Otherwise, good fucking luck getting out."

Six looked around but only one person stepped forward. O'Brien, the ODST that he had met before going after Sword Base the last time.

"That's it?" Six growled. "One ODST?"

"And me," a second ODST spoke up walking over.

Six rolled his eyes seeing his black visor that hid his face as his own had for so long.

"Hey Rookie," O'Brien greeted. "The Hell did you die?"

"My Hornet got hit by a cruiser's main gun," the Rookie stated. "Shockingly the main gun was only enough to get through one layer of the hull and the nuke I was supposed to deliver."

"So that's all that wants to go with me?" Six questioned. "Two ODSTs? Fine then. Let's go."

"Noble Six!" Carter shouted after him.

"I'm not a part of Noble anymore!" Six snapped. "You've already got your Noble Six. My name is SPARTAN-B312."

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><p>Read and review.<p>

### 3. Chapter 3

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><p>Break-in<p>

Six knelt and looked back at the others. Both ODSTs were exhausted from several hours of running but were okay. The main problem, was the new species that had shown up, the same that he, Kat, and Jorge had fought. The Rookie called them Flood. He said that they were a race of alien zombies that Master Chief had discovered on a giant ring created to simulate a planet that was called Halo. Those they had seen, were simply the ones that had been killed. Apparently there were millions dead. And trillions or more alive.

Those inside Hell were creating small balls of flesh-looking blobs and tentacles that burrowed into things and then infected them, turning them into more Flood creatures. the problem was, not even the gargoyles were immune. They were dropping even faster than those they had been fighting. And then, of course, there was the Covenant that was doing fly overs of the Flood every few minutes, bombing them, the gargoyles, and the humans every time and killing dozens of each, or more.

"What happens to you if you die here?" Six questioned.

"I'll let you know if I find out," O'Brien smirked.

"How many have they killed?" Six questioned.

"Over a hundred," O'Brien sighed.

"Two hundred sixty three," the Rookie stated. "Luckily our side has gotten smart enough to hide during the day and move at night, sticking to small groups. For the most part."

"That's good," Six sighed. "We're finally at the base. You two ready for a Special Ops mission?"

"No," O'Brien sighed. "But let's go anyway."

Six nodded and turned back toward the base. Base, wasn't the right term. Hive was closer. It was a mountain with tunnels making it look like Swiss Cheese.

"Alright," Six nodded drawing his DMR while O'Brien and the Rookie both drew shotguns. "Let's go."

The three of them sprinted into the base and through the tunnels silently, Six failing to miss the slimy substance coating everything. After a few minutes, they reached a large oval room with a single, massive pillar of the substance in the center.

"Where are we?" Six whispered.

"Center of the mountain," Rookie said. "Center of the hive."

"Feels like an ambush," O'Brien stated.

"What's that on the pillar?" Six questioned pointing.

They all looked and O'Brien's eyes widened.

"Cal!" O'Brien shouted sprinting to the pillar and stopping in front of Cal-141.

Her face was visible from the pillar with some of her hair which moved back into the pillar. Six walked over looking around carefully before he reached her and felt for a pulse.

"She's alive," O'Brien stated.

"No pulse," Six reported. "She's gone."

"She's alive!" O'Brien snapped.

Six sighed and drove his hand into the pillar beside her head and grinned. The pillar was hollow a little ways past her. He pulled his arm out, dragging Cal and a large portion of the pillar with his arm. Once she was on the ground, O'Brien began to tear chunks of the substance off until she was finally fully excavated, if not clean. After a moment, her eyes fluttered open and she gasped, beginning to breath.

"Where...O'Brien?" Cal breathed. "O'Brien!"

She sat up throwing her arms around him and sobbing for joy. Six turned away, walking around the pillar slowly. There were other faces in the pillar. A few covenant, a few humans, a couple of SPARTANs, and a gargoyle.

"O'Brien," Six spoke up. "This isn't a gargoyle base. Not anymore."

"Flood," Rookie breathed looking toward the hole in the statue, his eyes widening.

Six glanced in and saw another person. It was a SPARTAN with straight blonde hair just above her shoulders and blue eyes. She was beautiful, to put it frankly, and Six couldn't say he didn't think so. Before he could react, however, Rookie had pushed past him and knelt beside her feeling for a pulse and ripping his helmet off when he found one. Six's jaw dropped instantly.

"Joseph-122," Six breathed. "I should have known. You're too good for a normal ODS." "

"Sorry for lying," Joseph apologized picking up the SPARTAN. "Meet Daisy-023. One of my oldest friends. And the most important person in my life. She probably doesn't remember me though."

"Yes I do," Daisy muttered as Joseph stepped out of the pillar with her. "You were with us when me and Ralph busted out. You got caught early then became one of the best ODSs that ever lived until you were blown up. Of course I remember you. You had a monumental crush on you. You were always the best of us. Do you remember how you were caught?"

"I drew the UNSC away from you," Joseph smiled. "I thought you forgot."

"Never," Daisy smiled standing. "Where are we?"

"Hell," Six stated. "Specifically an alien zombie hive in it. We need to leave, now."

"One problem," O'Brien spoke up standing while supporting Cal. "Cal's barely able to stand."

"What did they do to you?" Six questioned.

"I'd rather not say, or remember," Cal stated. "Ever."

"I see," Six muttered understanding exactly what. "And you?"

"They tried but I killed a few and ran through the tunnels to here," Daisy stated. "Except, instead of a pillar of...slime, it was an escape pod. Before I could get away, it shook so hard I hit my head and then I woke up in Joseph's arms. There are worse possibilities."

"The gargoyles tried?" Six questioned.

"No, the Brutes," Daisy stated confused.

"Brutes?" Six blinked in surprise. "It's a covenant ship?"

"It's High Charity," Daisy stated.

"This place must have screwed up time," O'Brien stated. "I know Rookie, um Joseph, was alive after I died."

"I know I died before him," Six stated.

"I died long before you all," Cal stated. "Can we leave now?"

"Sure," Six nodded just as all of the doors opened and Flood creatures walked in. "Damn."

He stepped away from the others, leaving his DMR with Daisy and then charged at them. All of them were massive brown creatures with two large arms ending in a spike with the left arm smaller than the right, a massive torso connected to their waist by three tentacle like sections of its body, and two massive, elephantine legs.

The first one swung at him but he ducked under it then leapt into the air punching it into his face, if the arrow-like objects protruding from a bulge in its torso with two tentacles hanging beside it was a face, sending it crashing into two more. That left more than twenty, but that exit was now clear.

"Move!" Six ordered and the others all rushed through, Cal still supported by O'Brien. "Friggin' zombies."

Another one moved to attack him but he shut the door then turned to run away. As he did, the door exploded past him crashing into the walls. After a couple of minutes, they left the hallway and found themselves in a massive room with a small section of floor around the outside of the room and the rest of the floor missing, seemingly having been designed that way. After a couple more minutes, they reached another hallway and entered it, soon coming to another pillar room where there was a gargoyle stuck in the wall. Six ripped him free as they ran and they continued through hallways, soon coming to a hallway that exited into a massive gorge with a river of lava on the bottom.

"No," Joseph said flatly.

"Better idea?" Six questioned leaping from the ledge with the unconscious gargoyle, landing hard, his left leg breaking before he set the gargoyle down and motioned for the others to jump.

Joseph went first, Six catching him, then Daisy, both of them

catching her. Then, O'Brien shoved Cal off as a Flood creature appeared behind him, arm raised to kill him. Just before it could, a single green blast that Six placed as a Carbine shot hit the Flood creature in what Six had thought was the head. The Flood creature dropped and O'Brien jumped, Joseph and Daisy catching him and setting him down. Six was staring at the wielder of the carbine.

"Elite," Six reported and they all turned to see an Elite wearing the armor of an Arbiter.

"Arbiter?" Joseph questioned. "I thought you were with Master Chief."

"I'm not that Arbiter," the Elite stated sliding down the to them. "I died a long time ago. In fact, I died fighting the Prophets' right hand agent. He murdered my family to make a statement about my faith. So I fought him in a duel. We both died."

"I see," Six nodded. "Welcome aboard."

"Catch," the Elite threw an Energy Sword to him and he caught it grinning.

"I like this guy," Six grinned.

"All I've got, sorry," the Elite apologized. "It recharges after a few hours. Now, why do you have that?"

"He's leading us to our exit," Six grinned.

He knelt, excavating the gargoyle while Arbiter put the barrel of his carbine to his face and Daisy held her DMR over his head. After it opened its mouth and slowly raised its hands.

"You know where the portal is?" Six asked earning a nod. "You know how to get there?"

Another nod.

"You're going to lead us there," Six stated. "In exchange, I won't let the Flood get their...whatever, on you."

The gargoyle nodded and stood walking past him in the direction of the wall the humans had been defending. Six didn't trust him but followed. If nothing else, it would die when they arrived.

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><p>Read and review.<p>

#### 4. Chapter 4

I do not own Halo or any of the characters. Really sorry but it will seem a bit...okay a lot random.

\* \* \*

><p>Answer<p>

Six stopped and the others did the same. The gargoyle noticed but continued walking. Ahead was the wall where the humans had been holding the gargoyles off. It was abandoned and didn't look like there had been anyone there in days. The piece that had broken off during Six and Thom's fight was laying in pieces at the bottom but there was no army of gargoyles or humans. No covenant, no Flood. Nothing. Six and the others continued, reaching the top of the wall where the gargoyle stood motionless. Before them was a field of corpses. Gargoyle, covenant, human, and Flood. There were large chunks of covenant ships scattered about but for the most part, everything was still. Whatever had happened, it had happened well over two days ago given there was no longer any smoke rising from the ship pieces.

"What happened here?" Six breathed. "How long were we gone?"

"Not as long as you think," the gargoyle stated. "The human army has retreated exactly three miles past that next wall. That is where the portal is."

"Wait, they're trying to get to the portal, yet they had to retreat to move toward it?" O'Brien questioned. "Something tells me they have some bad information."

"We better hurry," Six growled knowing that Thom had something to do with it.

They all continued as fast as they could and soon reached the next wall, Carter and Emile both training snipers on them all when they were in range. The gargoyle rested his hand on the side and a set of stairs leading to the top grew from the side. They climbed the steps and found every gun in the compound aimed at them as they arrived. They were led to a room below them where a throne sat and Thom in it.

"Kill the Elite and the gargoyle," Thom ordered. "I'll kill B312 myself and the rest will go to the dungeon."

"So you made yourself king huh?" Six snorted. "I'm not surprised. You never were much more than a man drunk on his own delusions of his power."

"Is that right?" Thom grinned standing.

"Stop!" Kat spoke up from behind Thom. "Six isn't the enemy. He-"

"I am Noble Six!" Thom bellowed. "Spartan B312 is nothing but a cheap dime store knock-off!"

"Then tell me, why am I the one that knows the portal is underneath this exact bunker?" Six interrupted.

"It's what?" Kat gaped as Thom's face darkened and his eyes moved to the gargoyle.

"Tell them Thom," Six invited. "Why is it that you led all of the fallen human race against an endless foe in the name of finding a portal that was behind you?"

"Thom?" Kat spoke up after a few minutes of him not saying a

word.

"Leave us," Thom snarled and everyone except Kat and Six's group filed out. "You really want to know why? Because I'm not letting these things through it, that's why."

"No it's not," Six grinned. "But first, a deal's a deal. I promise it'll be quick."

With that, he spun and planted a plasma grenade on the gargoyle who nodded and soared into the air and away from the wall before exploding, leaving nothing for the Flood. Six turned back to Thom just in time to pull the Arbiter out of the way of a punch.

"He's on our side," Six stated. "He was against the covenant when he died."

"So were half of the covenant aliens we killed," Thom stated. "They were them and we were us. That's all there is to it down here."

"And you think that much black and white is good?" Kat demanded walking out in front of him.

"It is when all there is down here is death, killing, and violence," Thom sneered.

"So that's it huh?" Six growled. "You knew about the portal all along and knew, it won't let flood or gargoyles through it. You never intended to pass through. Why?"

"You really wanna know?" Thom growled drawing a pistol and shooting Kat in the stomach. "Job security. I go back, I'll be honorably discharged. I stay, infinite war and fun with an un-aging body for as long as I want. Kat..."

He gestured to her while Six used a med kit to remove the bullet and stop the bleeding.

"...would have killed me for lying and keeping us all here. Now, she's no longer a threat. Of course, if she recovers she will be. So I'm going to have to finish the job because you just could not leave well enough alone."

He aimed at her again and squeezed off two rounds but this time, they crashed into Six's back. Thom raised an eyebrow as Six pushed himself up, clenching his fists.

"Why...why would you do that?" Kat blinked. "Why risk your life for mine?"

"Because," Six growled standing up as straight as he could. "Somethings...you just can't let go. Even when you know you have to."

"What do you..." Kat began but trailed off as Six drew his energy sword, extending the blade.

"Nice toy," Thom laughed drawing a sword with a hardlight blade.

Six stared at it for a moment before glancing at the Arbiter who

shook his head. Six tossed his energy sword to the Arbiter and Thom charged instantly, slashing at Six's head. Six sidestepped the blade then caught Thom's arm and smashed his elbow with a knee. Then, he planted his foot in the side of Thom's face, launching him away. Thom landed on his feet and spat blood out, using his knee to put his elbow back in place then flexing his hand.

"Not bad," Thom grinned. "Fine. You want to play, let's play."

Thom sprinted forward again and Six ducked under his first punch, tackling Thom and pinning him to the ground, smashing his fists into his face repeatedly until Carter dragged him off of Thom.

"What the Hell is going on here?" Carter demanded throwing Six away then aiming at him while Emile aimed at the Arbiter and Jorge stepped into the room, looking around silently.

"B312 broke in and attacked me, taking me by surprise, while his Elite friend shot Kat," Thom growled.

"He's full of it!" Six spat. "He shot Kat because Kat heard the truth, that Thom doesn't want to leave here at all. He loves to fight and here he can do it as often as he wants! He shot her and I fought him to protect her. And I was winning too, until you interrupted."

"You're full of shit!" Thom spat.

"Ask Kat!" Six suggested.

"Kat?" Emile questioned turning to her.

Kat remained silent but Jorge stepped forward, narrowing his eyes at Six.

"Six didn't shoot Kat," Jorge stated. "Kat would be facing him if he did and the pistol wouldn't be beside Thom. Also, Six wouldn't have two matching bullet holes in his back. After Thom shot Kat, I'm guessing he drew that hardlight blade of his and attacked Six. Six would have defended himself, and judging by the shake in Thom's arm, I'm guessing Six injured his arm before he kicked him in the side of the head. Then, it would have been a short fight with Six ignoring common courtesy and beating the hell out of Thom both because Six would know he can't beat Thom and because Thom shot the woman Six loves."

"Excuse me?" Kat gaped while the others stared at Jorge in shock.

"The hell did you turn into Sherlock Homes?" Emile questioned.

"All you have to do is be objective and look at everything," Jorge shrugged. "So Thom, how much of what Six said about you is true?"

"Fine," Thom growled. "Yes, I don't intend to leave because here I can fight anything I want as often and as long as I want. I won't let any of you leave either because no one outside needs to know about this."



"So you intend to kill us all and then fight everything in Hell alone?" Six snorted. "Good plan. What happens when I remove the function of your limbs then leave with everyone here, allowing the Flood and Gargoyles to come in?"

"You won't," Thom grinned.

"Everyone shut up!" Kat finally shouted. "Thom, I don't care if you want to leave or stay, and right now, I don't particularly care if you live or die. We're leaving and anyone that wants to come with us is going to. You can stay and fight as long as you want. But you will likely be doing it alone. Six, those two shots to your back did a lot more damage than you're letting on and you know it. I can tell you're barely standing."

"I'll be fine," Six stated. "After we leave. For now, I'm not going to die."

"Is that so?" Thom questioned just before the base shook. "Shit. We're under attack."

"Not surprising," Six shrugged. "Now either go fight them, or go join them."

Thom leaned against the wall and motioned for them to help themselves to the battle. Six rolled his eyes and turned, walking out the door with everyone else except Thom following.

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><p>Read and review.<p>

## 5. Chapter 5

I do not own Halo or any of the characters.

\* \* \*

><p>New Arrival<p>

When they got to the surface, they found the humans at the compound, along with several hundred Elites, Hunters, and Grunts, fighting against the Flood. They all hurried to the top of the wall, Kat helping Six up the stairs as his wounds had finally begun to get the best of him. She gave him a DMR and he began to pick the Flood creatures off. Kat was beside him with a DMR of her own and Jorge was to her other side mowing them down with his chaingun. The others were nearby but were moving continuously to keep from being shot.

"Is it true?" Kat finally questioned after a time, the sea of Flood creatures beginning to near the wall.

"Is now really the best time?" Six questioned.

"Probably not," Kat admitted setting her empty DMR aside and grabbing an assault rifle. "But we may not be alive when we finally have the chance to talk without guns in our hands."

Six set his own DMR aside just as the Arbiter he had brought to the

base tossed him an Energy Rifle. He began to shoot at the Flood and they died much faster with that than he had expected.

"Fair enough," Six finally sighed giving his Energy Rifle a moment to cool down but then froze seeing something killing Flood from the other end. "What is that?"

Kat grabbed a sniper and used the scope to look then lowered the gun, staring at the new arrivals in shock.

"You're not going to believe this," she stated handing it over.

Six looked, jaw dropping as he saw creatures that looked like robotic knights that glowed blue using blue hardlight weapons. In addition to them were people who looked like Spartans in sleeker, more formfitting armor that was all white, also using blue hardlight weapons.

"Are those...Forerunners?" Six breathed.

"They're better at fighting than Thom," Jorge stated as they all watched the new arrivals tear through the Flood with ease, the robotic creatures doing less than the actual people.

They had what looked like a hardlight version an Elite Energy Sword that fired energy beams as well as guns that fired hardlight bullets. The robots had harldight blades for left arms and guns that fired hardlight bullets for their right whether it was a battle-rifle like a DMR, an assault rifle, shotgun, or pistol. They also seemed to have hardlight shield generators that would form an old fashioned knight's shield in front of them to protect against enemy fire or Flood Spores.

"I want those weapons," Six stated just as a pair of the knights flew away from the rest, shooting the Flood as they passed over them before stopping in the air in front of Six and Kat. "What the-"

The knights both opened their chests, a pair of hardlight DMRs falling out along with a pair of the hardlight swords. Then, the knights returned to the others leaving a stunned Kat and Six behind. After a moment, Six grabbed one of each, beginning to shoot the Flood with the gun and enjoyed watching the hardlight tear through multiple Flood creatures and kill them all each shot.

"Wow," Kat breathed. "Why would they give only us weapons?"

"No clue," Six grinned. "But I like them."

Kat grabbed her new gun and began to help. After a couple of minutes, they stopped as the Knights flew forward, killing the last of the Flood with their hardlight blades.

"Awesome," Six grinned.

Just as he said this, the soldiers that had been fighting alongside the robot knights used jet packs to fly up then saluted Six.

"Greetings Reclaimers," one spoke up. "It is good to see that Humanity was able to create something that could be considered close

to what they were. I take it they haven't fully evolved yet?"

"If we were anything like you, no," Six said shaking his head.  
"You're Forerunners then huh?"

"We are," the Forerunner nodded. "We come with a gift, something that seems to be looking for a human called Noble Six."

"He's...unavailable," Six stated. "I'm Spartan B312. Maybe I could get it to someone else."

"B312?" the Forerunner questioned. "Aren't you Noble Six?"

"I was," Six nodded. "But I was just the replacement."

"But you are the one she is looking for," the Forerunner stated holding out an AI chip.

"Much as I would love to see who it is, my helmet got smashed," Six sighed.

The Forerunner held out a Mark V(B) helmet and Six accepted it, putting it in and plugging in the AI chip.

"You're a bit complicated aren't you?" a voice questioned. "You probably don't recognize me by voice, though. You got me off Reach when it fell. I thank you for that. Unfortunately, I went Rampant and wound up thinking myself to death."

"I didn't know AIs went to Heaven or Hell," Six stated.

"We don't," Cortana stated. "I'm a...special kind of AI. I was made from a clone of Dr. Halsey's brain. That's the part of me that's here. The AI side is gone. I'm more consciousness than person now."

"Can't the Forerunners design you an artificial body to live in?" Six questioned and the Forerunner nodded holding a hand out.

Six pulled the chip and handed it over and the Forerunner pulled out a glowing cube about the size of his fist with a slot for something to be inserted. He inserted the AI chip and set the cube down, backing away just as it shone and transformed into a life-size version of Cortana wearing the same uniform that all Spartans had to wear under their armor.

"Wow," Six mused. "You Forerunners are awesome."

"Hate to interrupt but don't you think we should make sure that Thom isn't destroying the portal?" Jorge questioned.

"Excellent point," Six nodded turning to the army. "Anyone who wants to leave Hell, follow us!"

And with that, he sprinted back into the base with all of the others following.

\* \* \*

><p>Read and review.<p>

End  
file.